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Northern Messenger

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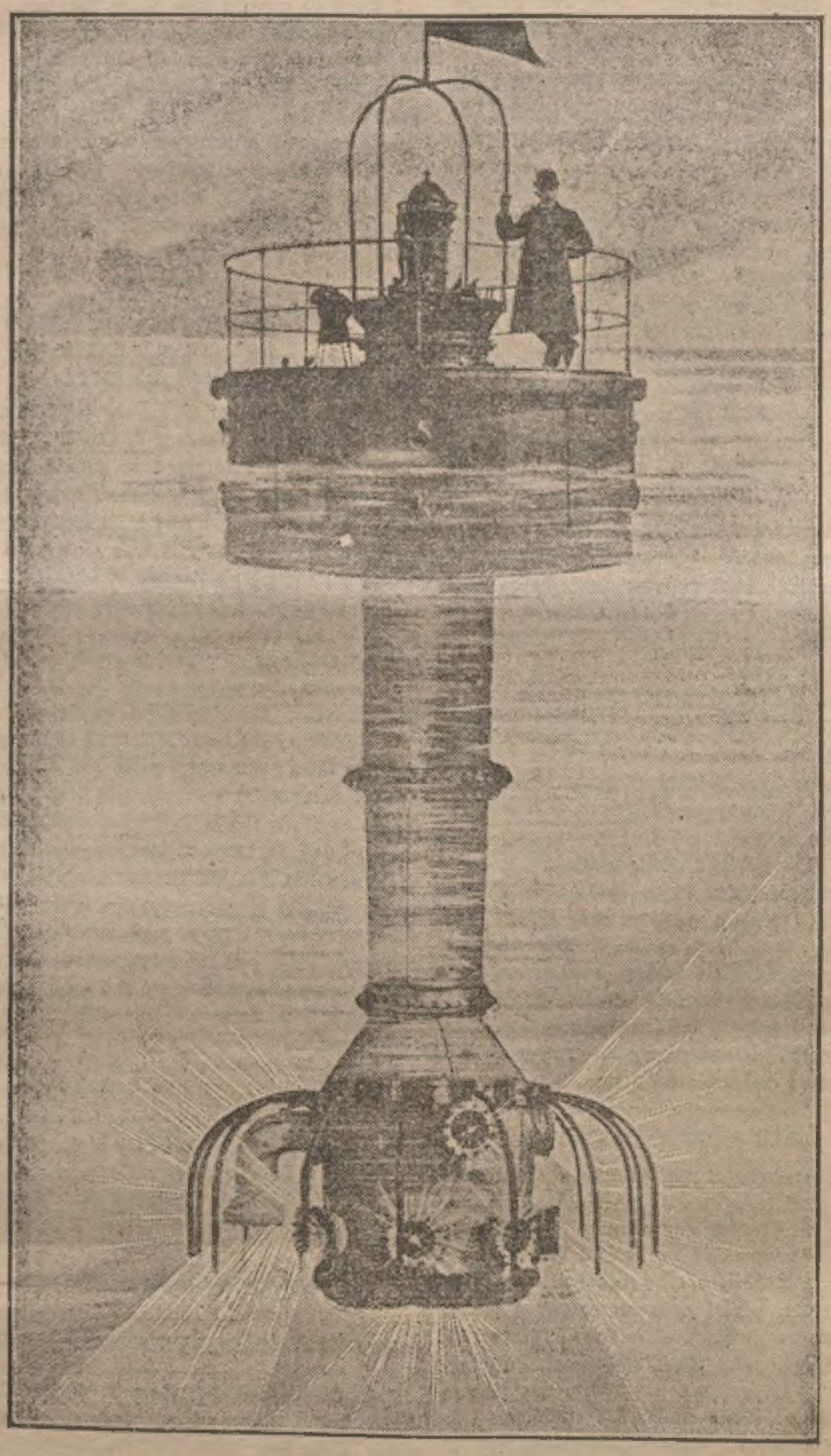
Exploring the Bottom of the Sea.

For ages men have felt the power and majesty of the sea. Man alters the face of the land almost beyond recognition, but he can work no change in the appearance of the mighty deep. There the Almighty works alone, with none to disguise or disfigure his handiwork. For the sea is not a mere waste of waters; it has its part to play in the great plan of Nature, and the more we learn about it the more important we find the sea's work to be.

And what secrets the sea hides in its bosom! What human lives, what treasure it has swallowed up! Our own poet Shakespeare, letting his fancy play over the sights which the ocean-bed would reveal could we but see them, says:—

'Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearls,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in these holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.'



THE NEWLY INVENTED HYDROSCOPE.

Many ways have been adopted by man in his endeavors to explore, or enrich himself by, the treasures of the bed of the ocean. The pearl divers of the tropical seas are trained to remain for some minutes at the bottom of the water, simply by holding their breath. Our own divers' dress enables a man to walk about beneath the water so long as he is supplied with fresh air, and by means of the diving bell a party of people can make a descent together, subject to the same condition.

But the recent invention shown in our picture enables the ocean-bed to be examined with much greater ease than ever before. The hydroscope, as the appliance is called, is made of steel, and is like a huge telescope pointed downwards into coral caverns or sunken ships, instead of upwards at the sun and stars. By means of a complicated system of lenses and mirrors, the rays of light are reflected up the tube, and present a very clear picture of the sea-floor to persons in the chamber at the top.

As will be seen, the hydroscope is fitted with powerful lights, which can be used to illuminate the sea-bottom, but, in fact, there is considerably more daylight at the bottom of the sea than we are accustomed to think. The inventor has himself read a newspaper at a depth of 360 feet by ordinary daylight. The stillness of the water at the bottom allows sediment to sink, leaving the water clear; whereas at the top the constant motion keeps sand and other matter in solution, rendering the water thick.

But the hydroscope not only makes visible objects at the bottom of the ocean; by means of its powerful raising apparatus it can bring them to the surface. One of its most romantic feats in this way was the raising of an old Spanish galleon, one of a numerous fleet sunk in the Bay of Vigo in the year 1702. Unfortunately, the metal bolts which held the timbers of the ancient vessel together had rusted almost completely away, and after being raised the old hulk turned over, broke in pieces, and again sank.

Some successful attempts were made, however, to raise heavy boilers which had been buried beneath the waves for over ten years; and it is hoped that by means of the hydroscope much of the treasure of bygone ages may possibly be recovered.

This appliance should be of great use in enabling vessels to keep clear of sunken rocks, mines, and similar dangers. A tube leading from the captain's bridge, and penetrating the bottom of the vessel, can be so fitted as to give a view of the water beneath the ship to a distance of ninety feet, and by the use of an extending portion a still greater range of vision can be obtained. Ship-owners and sailors have, therefore, cause for gratitude to the inventor of this clever contrivance.—The 'Cottager and Artisan.'

The price of three battleships would put ten thousand volunteers into the missionary field for a year, says ex-Chancellor McDowell. He also remarks that the Protestant church is liberal with Bibles and stingy of men; it is willing to send a book. The Roman Catholic church is liberal with men and stingy with Bibles. It sends a priest. The church of the future will be liberal with both Bibles and men.

For Love's Sake.

(A. B. Bryant, in the 'Christian Age.')

O be kind! O be kind!
Love is dull and life is blind;
Only death is open-eyed.
O how bitter by the side
Of an open grave to say
'Give me back my yesterday'!

O be kind! O be kind!
Touch the harp, and you may find
That your fingers, rude, unskilled,
Have the soul of music killed.
Hearts are harps—O gently sweep
All their sweet strings, lest you weep.

O be kind! O be kind!
Soon the tangle will unwind;
We are all so near to go
Through the grassy door, and low;
Speak them soft and tenderly,
These who fare that road with thee.

Beautifying the Church Lawn

(The Rev. Edwin R. Smith, Farmington, Me., in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

How often one sees a church with a beautiful interior but with grounds utterly unkempt. Thousands of dollars have been spent for stained glass, but practically nothing for green grass. Cut flowers lavishly adorn the altar—lovely but dying things—while not a single living flower invites one to enter and worship the Author of all life. Is the beauty of holiness, in which we are exhorted to worship, merely interior and dead beauty? Why, then, are church grounds so frequently and sorely neglected?

Of course the city church has scanty scope for the gardener's art. Even in the down-town district, however, he can hide cold gray walls with living green, while up-town churches often have space for a little grass.

Suburban and the larger village churches have no reason for neglecting their grounds; yet this striking contrast is often seen. While homes are surrounded by shrubbery, flowers and lawns of wondrous softness, the church grounds are unimproved save for a bit of indifferent lawn, tended by the sexton at odd minutes. The contrast between David's own house and the houseless estate of the ark led him to plan a worthy temple. The contrast between the church lawn and private grounds ought to lead us to devise for God's house a worthier setting.

Isaiah has suggested the way: 'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary.' Two Japanese maples, given our own church several years ago, have thriven and afford us great delight. Nor will spiraea, Thumbergii or Van Houtii, the Prunifolia or Bridal Wreath, be forgotten in improving the church lawn. These and similar flowering shrubs should be selected according to latitude and such other conditions as will be suggested. Foliage plants are also acceptable.

If the sexton be unsuited to the work, secure a competent gardener. Better in most cases, and needful too, will be volunteer work. The young men, under responsible leadership, ought to help. Pushing a lawn mower is no less acceptable to God than passing the contribution box; and certainly it is a more strenuous service. An evening once a week spent with the flowers about one's church may be a means of grace.

There is more reason for neglect in the case of the rural church. Little money is available for flowers after paying for preaching. The younger people suffer constant diminishment by withdrawal to the city. There is little leisure in the country. But neglect is none the less pitiable.

The location of the rural church is sometimes unfortunate—this, too, with all outdoors from which to choose a site. We remember more than one meeting house placed on a hillock devoid of thrifty vegetation. Its approaches were littered with weeds and loose stones. The scanty soil was scarred by carriage wheels. Only in spring was there any semblance of green grass. Does memory deal more gently with you? Do you recall some little meeting house set amid maples which rivalled in height its immaculate white steeple? But, oh, the horsesheds! Who ever thought to screen their ugliness with evergreens or vines?

In suburb or country one may enlist the boys and girls in making flower beds. In April have the boys prepare the beds. The girls can sow the seed. They can take turns watering and weeding.

One church went in for the culture of sweet peas. One who saw these flowers could not forget the sight. They blossomed far into September, protected nightly, through the minister's loving care, from the frosts of an Aroostook autumn. They glorified the little wooden church. Their welcome enhanced the spiritual anticipation of the worshipper.

Another church with which I am acquainted has made a beginning in this work. Close to its brick walls a long, narrow bed of nasturtiums was planted. One year poppies and marigolds were added. Waving ferns lurked in shady corners. Last autumn many bulbs were planted. Hyacinths, daffodils, tulips will thus arise in apostolic succession and witness to God's loving power.

Because the northern latitude of this church precluded the use of English ivy for its walls, woodbine has been cultivated with success. Three years have sufficed to carry this vigorous climber halfway up the tower. One cannot tell which is the more lovely, its glistening green in June or its October scarlet.

The children who help make the church flower bed receive more than they give. For one thing they learn to say, 'Our church.' When the flowers are picked invalids and the aged will be remembered. The gift may be made sacramental. And surely the Gospel of the Resurrection loses none of its power by the life of grass and tree and flower.

Labrador Mission.

The publishers of the 'Northern Messenger' will be glad to receive at their office and forward to Dr. Grenfell any sums sent in by subscribers or readers of this paper for the general work of this worthy mission. Send by money order, postal note or registered letter, addressed as follows:—'Northern Messenger,' John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Building, Montreal. All amounts will be acknowledged on this page. Sums under fifty cents may be sent in two-cent stamps. Subscriptions to the 'Messenger' Cot may be similarly addressed, and will be acknowledged on the Correspondence Page.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

What is a Holiday?

A holiday, in the popular acceptation, says Dr. J. Robertson Wallace, in the 'Young Man,' does not consist so much in a 'change of air' as in a complete change of surroundings and habits.

Mere change of air is of comparatively little benefit, unless the change is to the seaside, where there is more ozone available for respiration. It is the change of scene, of occupation, and of food that recreates the jaded mind and body.

When country folk want a real change of air they go, if they can, to the town, and to all appearance benefit by their visit. Yet no one will venture to argue that the air of the towns is more exhilarating than that of the country.

I know of persons who think they are hardly dealt with by Providence because they have to work the best part of the year in open heather and pine-clad country, and when they snatch a week's holidays in the summer will flee their rural solitudes to recuperate in the wilds of Hackney or Hoxton! True it is that as one man's meat is another man's poison, one man's holiday is another man's purgatory.

The Sick-chamber a Temple.

I can say with truth that many a sick-bed has been to me as a house of worship, and many a sick-chamber as a holy temple. As I lay in silence and inquired of the Lord, 'What dost thou say?' I obtained an answer and always such a one as showed that, however terrible his frowns, there was a loving heart concealed behind. Usually it was some vain imagination, some high thought, which the heavenly husbandman had in his eye; and so I was enabled to hold a sacred colloquy with him, and my soul was at peace. In truth, a sick-bed is generally the place where the blessing of the Christian faith becomes specially manifest. While in the heart of a child of the world sickness breeds obstinacy, pride and discontent, and so eventually, when it has passed away, leaves no fruit, the contrary happens with the child of God. In hours of languishing the mysteries of God's love and the unsearchable depths of his wisdom are properly disclosed. Such a silent sick-room sets a man once more loose from the world and its attachments, and from all courtship of human favor and human praise, and sends him back into life with a new and single eye.

Alas! I am conscious to myself how suddenly and deceitfully self-love can creep back into a heart which has been sanctified by faith; therefore it is that I fervently pray, 'Keep me in safety, O Lord, and let not my last state be worse than my first. Behold I myself implore of thee to humble me.'—Prof. A. Tholuck.

Acknowledgments.

RECEIVED FOR LABRADOR MISSION.

L. B., Sunderland, $3; Mary L. Arthur, Trout River, $2; A Helping Hand, $50; W. T. Bruce, Bible Hill, $2; John Turner, Appleton, $5; Falkland Ridge S.S., $1.50; Miss Jennie Partridge, Lyn, Ont., 50c; A Friend, $1; F. H. Doherty, Orangeville, $1; W. A. Allen, Kelley's Cove, $1; J. C. Stevenson, Norwich, 50c; Mrs. H. S. McHale, East Enosburg, $2; Edith and Lizzie Holmes, Carroll's Crossing, $2; Huntley Butler, Shoal Harbor, $1; Bobby Butler, Shoal Harbor, 50c; Mrs. R. G. Murray, Ayonton, $3; F. W. Findlay, Pinnacle, $5; Amos Taylor, Winnipeg, $5; Arthur H. Moody, Routledge, $1; Miss L. J. Wiley, Wakefield Centre, $2; total this week, $89.00.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Purple Thistle.

Robed in the garb of kings,
  She makes her stand
Close by the dusty road,
  Haughty and grand.

Proud in her misery,
  Misunderstood,
She hugs her sorrow close—
  Would we all could!

Sharp is her thorny stem,
  'Tis her defence;
Bids those who wish her harm,
  'Go, get thee hence!'

Yet in her heart of hearts
  Gentle is she;
Stores of sweet honey lie
  There for the bee.

Longing for sympathy,
  Longing for love,
She turns her eyes from earth,
  Turns them above.

Slowly her colors fade;
  Ragged and gray
Stands the bright thistle now
  Still by the way.

Softly her blossoms loose,
  Winds waft away
All that remains of her
  Vesture so gay.

Shreds of her garments lie
  Low on the grass;
Little she cares for them—
  She lets them pass.

Spotless and pure she stands,
  Robed as a bride;
Naught now remains to her
  Of her old pride.

Up through the balmy sky
  She floats away;
Up towards the golden sun—
  None says her nay.

—'Churchman.'

With Komatik in Labrador.

[In a letter written to the 'Toilers of the Deep,' from Roddickton Mill, during a winter season, Dr. Grenfell gives some most interesting glimpses of travel with Komatik or dog sled.]

(Concluded.)

A few more miles and we ran over the bay ice again, and soon were traversing a cut path to two tiny tilts in the woods, where some fur trappers and their families were passing the winter. While some of us got dry and warm, others went after rabbits, and our dogs were able to enjoy a very hearty repast of lynx or mountain cat, seasoned with fresh rabbit and whale meat.

Dividing our forces, we shared the floor room for the night in the two tilts. I was always fond of problems and puzzles, and we had quite an important one to solve forthwith—for my companion is six feet long, and I am supposed to be more or less broad, and the space to lie down in was strictly limited. It was like those old word puzzles, where one has generally to take it on credit, that there is a place for each piece, and the 'thing can really be done.' Any how, we did it—and well, too. For though my head was thrust into a hen coop, past experience had taught me to so wrap it up that the 'rooster' inside should be misled in the morning by the Egyptian darkness within not to crow too early. The furrier with whom we camped was sadly handicapped by rheumatic sciatica, which, though a young man, he had contracted from his rough life. The pain which incapacitated him, often enough, from going to his traps, we were able to relieve, and when at daylight we left for the long pull over to Canada Bay, we felt even in that little halt we had been able to give a cup of cold water. Two mail carriers had also come to the other tilt late that evening, and it was a pleasant little company that gathered for evening prayer round the log fire, in spite of the backwoods. The intense cold has kept the deep snow very dry all winter, so that it does not bind at all, and in the many miles in the green woods we had all we could do to plough along ahead of the dogs on our racquets. These paths were cut for Dr. Simpson last winter.

One great pleasure of these long drives is watching and helping one's dogs. Our little 'leader' is a milk-white slut, with a quaint, foxy face and tiny blinking eyes. As sharp as a needle on her feet, and as clever as can be in turning when called on—though she does not like to be 'shouted at,' and will turn far quicker for an ordinary toned call. Behind her, about two fathoms, runs an immensely powerful, jet black, long-haired dog, from Labrador, who appears to wait all day for a chance to catch the leader. Of course he never would do so, but the long trace she hauls, even eleven fathoms, at times gets hitched round an ice block, or a stump, and she is gradually hauled back to his reach. He usually goes ahead, and nothing will induce him to let her pass again, unless the team is stopped, or we are on open ice, when she makes a long and rapid detour. As soon as ever she is one foot ahead of the end of his trace, she turns her foxy eyes and barks in his face, and dances about.

This friendly excitement is excellent for the team, and I do not always regret when I hear a rabbit-like shriek, announcing the fact that she has been 'tripped up' again. When we start, she is always harnessed last, and when all is ready carried out on the driver's shoulder to the end of her trace; then the stern lashing of the komatik is slipped, and away you fly at full speed, till their 'first wind' is exhausted. We have to be careful at this time of year that in hurrying the dogs along, we do not let them frostburn their toes, and we have already waistcoats and shoes (of soft skin or blanketing) on some of them. One thing never ceases to be a source of wonder to me, and that is the extraordinary manner in which even one's least intelligent dogs will remember the way over miles of snow, through trees, amidst houses, or over bays. We had to turn out in his harness one of our dogs the other day who seemed exhausted. He followed us about a mile, and then we suddenly lost him. Two days later he turned up at Roddickton millhouse, which he had only once visited, and which was some eight miles back, over a country deep in snow and thick with trees. Yet to teach that dog to turn as a leader does, only a yard to right or left, would be the work of months. We saw the sun rise an hour after we had got under way, and saw it set before we reached the river that falls into Canada Bay. A humble logger's tilt half an hour later gave us a 'hot drink' of tea, and supper time saw us in Mr. Tilley's cheery home at the Roddickton Mill. The little schoolhouse here served us as a place of worship on Sunday, and for two days we were fully busy with sick folk. Here a man whose eye was badly injured by a splinter—the pain we could at once relieve, but the sight will, I fear, be poor in it, till he can get a cataract operation performed. Here again, was a man with a large family laid up with an abscess in his head and intense pain, who could at once be relieved, and put on the road to recovery, though with the loss of hearing in one ear, through which the opening had to be made. He was able in a few days to go logging again.

One of the lessons I have constantly to teach is that open air and cold are not dangerous, and that hot and ill-ventilated houses are the great source of all evil. The problem the manager is struggling with at the mill is how to make our stock of provisions last the loggers till we get a steamer from St. John's. More have arrived with dependent families than we anticipated, and a cold winter calls for more fuel. Fortunately, the deer have been plentiful, and he is still able to victual his garrison. From Roddickton to Conche is a tough journey in the weather we have had for it. But the kindness of the people, and comfortable preparation they make for visitors, repaid the effort, as did one or two opportunities afforded for being useful. Our home was the same as of old, though now made partly desolate by the terrible death our beloved friend John Ryan met with last summer. His good wife insists on our still trespassing on her hospitality. The problem of how to feed our dogs was solved here by the forethought of friends, who had kept seal carcasses for us, and so we had no trouble on that score. Among many patients were one or two who had been long expecting us.

One of Dr. Simpson's patients, on whom he had done a double cataract operation for total blindness last fall, walked into the room bearing a tray full of dishes, plates and cups of boiling tea; while last time I was here she could not find the barn to feed the chickens, and was found feeling around the church, to which she had wandered by mistake on her way back to the house. A small operation permitted another man to get on his legs again and visit the woods for firing for the family. A woman with diseased bone in the leg was left comfortable till she can come to St. Anthony for operation, a man whose broken leg had been set at Battle hospital last fall was given fresh splints enabling him to walk, his extreme age having left the union very weak—so that altogether no time was lost till once again we were off on our travels. Two Conche men volunteered to go ahead all the way to Roddickton, and carry a gift of two seals' carcasses for our dogs—a neighborly act which one wants to be out here to appreciate. The hills on this journey are exceedingly steep, and one has to tail a good time behind one's komatik to check its flight now and again by a turn round a tree, while occasionally one could come down a steep decline with the said line tied round one's body, and oneself getting down in the snow, and being hauled behind through the deep dry snow. How many parables from nature these drives also afford. As one crosses these trackless snows one sees the marks one makes behind, defiling, as it were, the beauty of the surface. Yet one can never efface them. It must be fresh snow from heaven alone able to hide those marks, and excellently does it illustrate the pity of him on high, who alone also can hide our devious foot marks on the sands of time. The other day some men were trying a long journey, guided only by the blazing of the trees, for they had never trod that road before. Safely they went three-quarters of the way, when they suddenly struck the tracks of a man's snow-shoes. So thinking they must lead to their now near destination, and finding them easier to follow than the scanty blazings, partly hidden by age and partly by the

ice on the tree trunks, they followed in the footsteps. That night they spent in the forest on the snow, and a most wretched night they spent. They were the footmarks of a trapper going round his traps. How sorry the man was, when he found how, unbeknown to him, his footsteps had been the cause of leading others astray. Will it not be the scourge of eternity to know that our footsteps have not only served as a guide to the narrow path that leads to everlasting life, but that also, long after we have forgotten them, our footprints may be leading even our dearest to their own destruction. Climbing these steep hills it fell to my lot to climb behind the komatik, and the path being narrow through the trees and very steep to climb, we were unable to wear snowshoes. The footsteps of the driver were pressed firm by his weight alongside the komatik, and I soon found that though I sank to my waist repeatedly if one forget to watch one's steps, yet if one stepped carefully in the footsteps of my guide, I could walk without difficulty. Surely it is thus in life—the path that leads to life, and is life here, can be trod by us. We need not be constantly floundering—we need only to walk in our Guide's footsteps, and we have a sure lantern at all times to guide our feet if we do our share in watching.

One more Sunday at the mill, spent in gathering in the school house, and sick visits between, and we were all ready to leave before daylight on Monday. A magisterial case of considerable gravity, however, concerning the wilful loss of a schooner for the insurance money, was made the subject of a confession—the man wishing to get the secret off his heart—and his was given me and necessitated an enquiry, the results of which of course one cannot refer to, only that it involved two days' hard work, and leaves us still at Roddickton, where as I write, a fearful gale is blowing and driving the snow into bottomless drifts, which bode ill for our progress if we can make a start to-morrow. Thus man proposes and God disposes, and so we believe the best for us is being worked out. Our thoughts wander naturally to Dr. Cluny Macpherson at Battle and his desolate coast, and to Sister Williams and Mrs. Macpherson, holding the fort while he is away on his travels. Even now the days are lengthening, and soon also we hope to welcome back Dr. Simpson and the sister for Indian Harbor.

Yours faithfully,

WILFRED GRENFELL.

Familiar Sayings, and Who First Said Them.

Many of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose pen or mouth they first originated. Probably the works of Shakespeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe 'All is not gold that glitters,' 'Make a virtue of necessity,' 'Screw your courage to the sticking place' (not point), 'They laugh that win,' 'This is the short and long of it,' 'Comparisons are odious,' 'As merry as the day is long,' 'A Daniel come to judgment,' 'Frailty, thy name is woman,' and a host of others.

Washington Irving gives 'The almighty dollar.'

Thomas Murgan queried long ago—'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' while Goldsmith answers, 'Ask no questions and I'll tell you no fibs.'

Charles Pinckney gives 'Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.'

'First in war, first in peace, and first in the heart of his fellow-citizens' (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, in December, 1720, prepared by General Henry Lee.

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us 'Better late than never,' 'Look ere you leap,' and 'The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.'

'All cry and no wool' is found in Butler's 'Hudibras.'

Dryden says—'None but the brave deserve the fair,' 'Men are but children of a larger growth,' and 'Through thick and thin.'

'When Greek joins Greek then comes the tug of war,' Nathaniel Lee, 1692.

'Of two evils I have chosen the least,' and 'The end must justify the means,' are from Matthew Prior.

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that 'Richard is himself again.'

Johnson tells us of 'a good hater,' and Macintosh, in 1791, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, 'Wise and masterly inactivity.'

'Variety is the very spice of life,' and 'Not much the worse for wear,' Cowper. 'Man proposes, but God disposes,' Thomas à Kempis.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, 'Love me little, love me long.'

Edward Coke was of the opinion that 'a man's house is his castle.' To Milton we owe 'The Paradise of fools,' 'A wilderness of sweets,' and 'Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness.'

Edward Young tells us 'Death loves a shining mark,' and 'A fool at forty is a fool indeed.'

From Bacon comes 'Knowledge is power,' and Thomas Southern reminds us that 'Pity's akin to love.'

Dean Swift thought that 'Bread is the staff of life.'

Campbell found that 'Coming events cast their shadows before,' and ''Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.' 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever' is from Keats.

A Monkey Hero.

A nobleman had a favorite monkey, a large orang-outang, which, you know, is the largest species of monkey, except the gorilla. This monkey was very much attached to his master, and to the baby boy who was the pet of the whole family.

One day a fire suddenly broke out in the house, and everybody was running here and there to put it out, while the little boy in the nursery was almost forgotten and when they thought of him the staircase was all in a mass of flames. What could be done?

As they were looking up and wondering, a large, hairy hand and arm opened the window, and presently the monkey appeared, with the baby in his arms, and carefully climbed down over the porch, and brought the child safely to his nurse. Nobody else could have done it, for a man cannot climb like a monkey, and is not nearly so strong.

You may imagine how the faithful creature was praised and petted after that. This is a true story, and the child who was saved was the young Marquis of Kildare.—The 'Religious Intelligencer.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

A Self-inflicted Fright.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

'I tell you I don't believe it. Why should Sanders play him such a shabby trick? He forgot to take the list of lessons, and there is an end of it.'

'Is there? I tell you he just kept that paper in his pocket on purpose, and I'll serve him out for it.'

At this threat there was a burst of laughter among the group of boys, but two or three clapped their hands and called out, 'I'll stand by the midget.'

'What are you going to do, midget?' said another of the party, speaking more quietly, while the lad whom it more immediately concerned walked away in dignified silence, that seemed to make his small antagonist more angry than ever.

'You may laugh, you fellows; but Bannister is my friend, and this losing to-day's lesson may just cost him all chance of the class prize, and put it into Sanders' hands.'

'Oh, nonsense!' spoke up another. 'I know Sanders, and he wouldn't do a mean trick like that. What a prejudiced, peppery little chap you are, Mansell!'

'Perhaps I am; but I am not going to see a friend cheated and not lift a finger for him.'

Another burst of laughter followed this, but the boys pressed round to know what Mansell proposed to do, considering that Sanders was 'big enough to eat him.'

To this Mansell smiled and shook his head. 'I know what I know,' he said.

'What is it you know?' asked his friend as they were walking home together a little later. 'I'm good for a lark, you know.'

'Well, it's a ghost! Sanders goes every Tuesday evening to town for his father, and gets back about eight o'clock. Now, if we could go across the green and meet him at the end of the lane that leads to Yew-tree Farm, we could see his long legs move as they never went before.'

The other clapped his hands. 'Good! I'll be one of the party and play the ghost. I can bring a sheet off my bed.'

A few more details were settled between them, and the next day one or two other lads were asked to join in the fun, and the time and place of meeting settled.

On the following Tuesday evening the party met at the place agreed upon about half-past seven, each bringing something by way of disguise or personal adornment, and they arrayed themselves to their own satsfaction at least, the ghost in his sheet with a convenient hole to peep through, and they were all concealed in the hedge ready to spring out upon Sanders long before the clock struck eight.

It was autumn, and the nights were growing cold, and when the party had stood in the shadow of the hedge for some time they began to feel chilly, and even the ghost openly wished Sanders would come.

'Hush! I can hear something,' said the midget in a whisper. The boys drew closer together to listen for footsteps, but the sound passed away, and there was another long silent wait; then the half-past eight chimed, and the ghost was just about to protest again, when there was an unmistakable sound heard in the distance and coming down the lane. But to the boys' excited fancy the sounds were weird and uncanny; there was a clank as of chains, and all at once the poor ghost remembered that along this road to the town there was a large lunatic asylum, and the fear suggested itself that one of the more dangerous of the mad people had escaped, and he whispered his fears to the midget.

'Keep close, then—keep close,' whispered the leader, with chattering teeth, but the nearer sound of the clanking chains coming down the dark lane was too much for them; with a wild yell of fear they all dashed out to make their escape, while, to add to their confusion and dismay, another yell, even wilder than their own, went echoing over the fields, and this was followed by the noise of rattling chains, as though some desperate effort was made to cast them off.

The ghost tore the sheet almost in halves in his efforts to get out of its folds, while the rest ran on without much regard as to whether they kept together, and so it was not until the village was reached that the ghost with the remnants of his sheet twisted up in his arms paused to look round, and then only three instead of four of their party were in sight.

'Where's the midget?' asked the ghost with bated breath.

The other two could only shake their heads. They had not seen him since they started on their run. They looked at each other and listened for some sound to reach them from the common, but all was silent and the midget did not appear.

This in its way was as dreadful as the fright they had suffered. They could not leave him to be murdered by a madman, but it was equally impossible for them to go back and look for him. At last they thought that he might have outrun them and gone home, and they decided to go there and ask for him.

A servant came to the door, but she was almost immediately followed by Edwin Mansell's elder brother, when he heard their voices at the door.

'What have you fellows been up to?' he said. 'Here's the midget's lessons left and——'

'Hasn't he come home?' said the ghost, breathlessly.

The elder boy saw the frightened look in his eyes and stepped outside. 'Now, then, what has happened? What mischief have you got my brother into now?' asked Dick Mansell firmly.

'We—we thought he would be at home by this time,' said the others, and at the same moment Sanders, who was to have been scared to death, came up at the same moment with a book under his arm.

'Can you lend Bannister your Sophocles?' he asked the elder lad. 'I have been there to help him with his lessons a bit, just to make up for my carelessness.'

'Oh, yes, he can have it. But come with me, will you? These boys have made away with the midget.'

'We are afraid a madman has murdered him!' blurted out the ghost, and then he told of their run across the common, but not the object for which they went to the corner of the lane.

The two elder lads went on as the others directed them, and about half way across the green they almost stumbled over the prostrate form of the midget as he lay groaning on the ground.

He had caught his foot in a hole and lain there half dead with fright and pain for nearly half an hour; nearly a week it had seemed to the sufferer, who had fainted more than once during the interval.

He was conscious now, and asked faintly if the madman had been caught.

'Never mind the madman; tell us where you are hurt; I know a bit about surgery, and I will bind up your leg so that it will not pain you so much while we carry you home.'

It was Sanders who spoke, and Edwin would have pushed him aside, but he was powerless, and he had to submit while his enemy bound up his ankle and leg, and then they raised him in their arms.

Just as they were about to start for home, Farmer Ede appeared on the scene, swinging a lantern and scolding at the top of his voice. 'So I've caught you, young gents! What business had you to come frightening my Jim? Every drop of milk has he spilled in the scare you have given him.'

But Sanders protested that he had only just left the village with his friend, and then they told the farmer what they had heard about the madman.

'We heard the chains rattle and he made a dreadful noise,' said the midget faintly, as his brother and Sanders began to walk on.

'I daresay he did when he threw the milk pails over and screeched! My Jim was the madman, I expect. But what was you young gents doing there in the hedge—for I expect you was the ghost that scared him out of his wits?'

Of course the elder lads knew nothing about the matter, but they offered to pay the farmer for the milk that had been spilled, rather than he should get the boys into trouble over it.

Sanders proposed this, and the midget's feelings can be better imagined than described as he listened to this proof of how cruelly he had misjudged his schoolfellow.

When they were near home he was left for a minute or two with Sanders, while his brother went to tell his mother something of what had happened, and Sanders told him he had come to borrow a book for Bannister, or he should not have heard of the mishap.

'And you've been helping Bannister with his lessons?' said the boy.

'Oh, yes, of course, I was sorry I forgot to take the lesson paper the other day, and so I thought I might as well make it up to him somehow.'

The midget groaned aloud. 'Put me down, Sanders,' he said, actually beginning to cry.

'There, cheer up! Here's Dick. Why, what is the matter, midget? Am I hurting you?' asked Sanders.

'No, no, it isn't that,' said the lad; 'but—but I am ashamed of myself and what I said about you to the other fellows. If you only knew, you would just drop me and——'

'But suppose I do know?' said Sanders. 'Suppose somebody came and told me that you fellows were going to play off a nasty lark on me, and that I thought you might get yourselves into a scrape over it if you were not helped out somehow? There, don't make a fuss,' said Sanders, as the midget began to protest.

'I hate myself for being such a blockhead, and, oh, Sanders, if you'll only forgive me, I'll tell the fellows you are a jolly brick when I go back to school.'

'There, it's all right, midget—cheer up now; there's Dick coming, and we won't say any more about the matter.'

The two elder lads carried him up to his own room, and when the doctor arrived he assured them that there were no bones broken, but one ankle was badly sprained, which was all the injury he could discover. But the lad was very ill for several days from the self-inflicted fright he had endured.

It was a painful but useful lesson to the hot-headed little lad, and never again did he allow prejudice to blind him to the good qualities of others, or make him impute unworthy motives to their actions because he could not understand them.—Jenny Wren, in the 'Light in the Home.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

My Books.

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.
—Robert Southey.

'A Stranger Will They Not Follow.'

Some time ago, a gentleman tells us he was travelling in Syria, and stopped to watch three shepherds who were watering their flocks at a well. All the sheep mixed together, and to a stranger's eye they appeared as one. Presently one shepherd arose from the well-side and called out 'Men-ah!'—the Arabic word for 'follow me.'

To the American's surprise about thirty of the sheep separating themselves from the others followed the man up a hill. The second shepherd cried 'Men-ah! Men-ah!' and away went the second flock. The American was very much astonished at this, and seeing the third shepherd gathering up his crook and a few scattered dates that had fallen from the palm under which he rested, he stepped up to him and said, 'Would your sheep follow me if I called them?' The man shook his head.

'Give me your cloak and crook, and let me try.' The shepherd did so, even taking off his dirty turban and twisting it around the American's head with a grin of amusement, and then he stood and watched the American call 'Men-ah! Men-ah!' until he was quite hoarse. The sheep stood lazily blinking at him, basking in the sunshine, but not one of them moved a step.

'Do they never follow any one but you?' asked the American of the shepherd.

'Only when a sheep is sick, and then it follows any one,' replied the shepherd.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

The Life of an Ant Queen.

How long may an ant queen live? In their natural habitat some queens doubtless have short lives; but by reason of the protection afforded them, and the seclusion enforced by the workers, they probably live much longer than other members of the community. Within artificial surroundings they attain a comparatively long life. The oldest emmet queen known to science was one preserved under the care of Sir John Lubbock, later Lord Avebury. A number of years ago, luring a visit to this distinguished naturalist at his country seat, High Elms, Kent, the writer for the first time saw this venerable sovereign, living in the ingenious artificial formicary which had been prepared

for her. She was then in the prime of life, as it afterward appeared, being seven years old.

In the summer of 1887, Sir John was again visited, this time at his town house in London. After greeting, he was asked about his royal pet.

'I have sad news to tell you,' he answered.

'What? Is the queen dead?'

'She died only yesterday. I have not had the heart to tell the news as yet even to my wife.'

Having offered my hearty condolence, I asked to see the dead queen. Sir John led the way to the room where his artificial nests were kept. The glass case which contained the special formicary in which the old ant had lived was opened up. Lying in one of the larger open spaces or rooms was the dead queen. She was surrounded by a crowd of workers, who were tenderly licking her, touching her with their antennae, and making other demonstrations as if soliciting her attention, or desiring to wake her out of sleep. Poor, dumb, loving faithful creatures! There was no response. Their queen mother lay motionless beneath their demonstrations.

'They do not appear to have discovered that she is really dead,' remarked Sir John. Afterward he wrote me of another queen which died at the age of fourteen. The ants dragged her body about with them when they moved until it fell to pieces.—'Harper's Magazine.'

The Japanese Hunchback.

Not long ago, a poor hunchback boy named Samuru, attending a mission school in a village in the north of Japan, went to the missionary and begged to be allowed to help in God's work. He had given up worshipping idols and had become a Christian, and now he wanted to do something to show his love for Christ. But so deformed was he, that it was difficult to find anything he could do. His legs were withered, he could neither rise from the ground nor walk.

While the missionary was revolving the matter in his mind, the lad himself made a suggestion. The British and Foreign Bible Society had just sent a consignment of Japanese Bibles and Testament to this mission-station. These were being displayed on a little bookstall in one corner of the preaching-room. 'I could sit beside the table, and sell the Bibles,' said the boy.

He was duly placed in charge of the bookstall, and proved a most successful salesman. When people came merely out of curiosity to look at the Bibles, he often persuaded them to buy a copy. He told everybody what a wonderful Book it was, and how much it had done for him.

Some of the volumes he sold accomplished marvellous things. They fell into the hands of the rich as well as the poor. Heathen men and women read them, and by this means came to know and to worship the true God.

One tradesman who, like the rest of his neighbors, had been in the habit of keeping his shop open seven days a week, discovered in one of these Bibles that God had commended that the Sabbath Day should be kept holy. After this, he closed his shop every Sunday, fastening up a notice outside, 'Day of Rest.'

Missionaries state that many of the Bibles travelled to other parts of Japan, and were the means of converting people who had never heard of the preaching-room in the little village in the north. Scores of men and women, scattered all over the islands, became earnest Christians through reading the Scriptures sent out by the Bible Society and sold by Samuru.

The Japanese boy told the people who came to buy, 'The Bible is a wonderful book!' And so it is. It not only changes people individually, but it transforms whole countries. Do you realize that we owe all the blessings of our happy life in England to-day to the power of this Book? Do we value it as we ought? —'The Christian.'

A Big Tree's Life Story.

(The Springfield 'Republican.')

A remarkable recuperative power following an injury was found after examination of the sequoias of the Converse basin. The facts are told in a letter from William Russell Dudley to Senator Platt. The effects of certain tremendous forest fires occurring centuries ago are registered in the trunks of these trees, and the record completely concealed by subsequent healthy growth. Among a number of similar cases the most instructive record of these ancient forest fires was observed in a tree of moderate size—about 15 feet in diameter—five feet from the ground. It was 270 feet in height and 2171 years old. This tree when felled had an enormous surface burn on one side 30 feet in height and occupying 18 feet of the circumference of the tree; this was found to have been due to a fire occurring in A.D. 1797. The tree when cut, in 1900, had already occupied itself for 103 years in its efforts to repair this injury, its method being the ingrowing of the new tissue from each margin of the great black wound. When the tree was cut the records of three other fires were revealed. The history of the tree was as follows:—

271 B.C. it began its existence.

The first year of the Christian era it was about four feet in diameter above the base.

245 A.D., at 516 years of age, occurred a burning and five years were occupied in covering this wound with new tissues. For 1196 years no further injuries were registered.

1441 A.D., at 1712 years of age, the tree was burned a second time in two long grooves one and two feet wide, respectively. Each had its own system of repair.

One hundred and thirty-nine years of growth followed, including the time occupied by covering the wounds.

1580 A.D., at 1851 years of age, occurred another fire, causing a burn on the trunk two feet wide, which took 56 years to cover with new tissue.

Two hundred and seventeen years of growth followed this burn.

1787 A.D., when the tree was 2068 years old, a tremendous fire attacked it, burning the great scar 18 feet wide.

One hundred and three years, between 1797 and 1900, had enabled the tree to reduce the exposed area of the burn to about 14 feet in width.

It is to be noted that in each of the three older burns there was a thin cavity occupied by the charcoal of burned surface, but the wounds were finally fully covered, and the new tissue above was full, even, continuous, and showed no sign of distortion or of the old wound.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Admonition.

Lay low, Mistuh Fishin' Worm,
I gives you warin' fair,
De sun is shinin' warmer an'
I has some time to spare.
De ripple's on de river
Dat's a singin' soft an' slow;
I don't want no advantage
Mistuh Fishin' Worm, lay low.

I's gwine to do som digging'
An' it ain' no fault o' mine
If right soon you isn't swingin'
In de water on a line.
So you wants to start an' burrow
Jus' as fas' as you kin go,
I's givin' you fair notice:
Mistuh Fishin' Worm, lay low.

—Washington 'Star.'

Heathenism in West Africa.

Notwithstanding the intercourse of Christians in recent years with West Africa the African tribes remain largely under the power of a cruel and degrading heathenism. A Presbyterian missionary in Gaboon tells of things that might well be read and remembered by those who stand up for 'natural innocence' of heathen religions. Fetish worship in West Africa is very foolish and stupid but also cruel, shocking and debasing, showing what depths of darkness may be reached when the Lord God Almighty is shut out of the heart and mind. The fetish worship that widely prevails is very degrading and cruel towards women and children. The missionary in Gaboon whose narrative is before us, tells that not long ago, Obam, the elder of the Church under his care, died. For many years that elder and his wife had broken away from idolatry, and led an exemplary life in the midst of the darkest heathenism. When the husband died the heathen accused the wife of having killed him by witchcraft. He had died of a lingering illness, still they insisted that the wife had practised magic. The wife's name was Sarah. The chief man of the town, having stripped her almost naked, placed her on her hands and knees in the middle of the street and bound upon her back a heavy load of plaintain stocks. Then two men sat on top of the load on her back and thus all the men of the town drove the woman up and down the street on her hands and knees until they nearly killed her. This performance was repeated from day to day till the missionary, thirty miles away, heard of it. He hastened to the rescue, and put a stop to the torture. Then the chief who had led in this cruel outrage offered to marry Sarah. Polygamy prevails, and though he had eight wives already he constrained her to be the ninth. The eight wives subjected her to much persecution, and accused her of crimes of which she was notably guiltless. This little sketch illustrates the tyranny of a heathen religion. If one were to follow up the influence of fetishism and witchcraft, it would become manifest as among the darkest pages of human history. Hence we ought not to speak lightly of any reasonable efforts put forth to dispel the age long darkness of the unchristianized tribes of Africa.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

A Chinese Picnic and What Came of it.

(By Alice May Douglas, in 'Young People's Paper.)

Miss Dayton had promised the children of her mission a picnic. They were to go in a steamer, too, and that meant much to these Chinese boys and girls, for not one of them had ever enjoyed a ride in such a conveyance.

Never a day passed but the children talked of their coming gala day; and none looked forward to it more enthusiastically than did two little brothers who lived the farthest of any of the scholars from the white chapel in which the mission was held. Their Christian names were John and Henry, for, on choosing the one true God, they had desired to give up their native Chinese names.

On the afternoon preceding the day of the picnic, the mother of these boys was taken very ill. John went for the American doctor at the mission, while Henry remained at home to wait on his mother and to tend his baby sister. Dr. Ray was able to relieve the poor woman, but said that she would be obliged to remain in bed at least a week.

'What shall we do about the picnic?' asked John, after the physician had gone.

'One of us will have to stay at home,' answered Henry sadly. 'It seems too bad; for both of us wanted to go so much!'

'Yes it is; still, I don't suppose it is Christianlike for us to complain when we are needed to stay with our own mother. I shouldn't think you would object to staying with her, Henry.'

'And I shouldn't think you would object to staying,' retorted Henry.

Both boys frowned, but said nothing. Their hearts told them that their conduct was more like that of the heathen boys all about them than like what was expected of the followers of the self-sacrificing Jesus.

Neither of the brothers rested well that night. Each lay awake for a long time, trying to make his plans for the morrow; and when sleep finally came, it brought unpleasant dreams to each.

When the sun arose over the curious temple just east of their home and sent his rays in through their little window, the boys felt better. They arose and knelt in silent prayer, during which each asked his Heavenly Father to help him decide the question for the day.

'I hope you will have a nice time on the picnic to-day,' exclaimed John! as he rose from his knees. Then, noticing that his brother was still engaged in prayer, he quiety withdrew to another part of the room.

Henry was soon by his side, and saying with a beaming face, 'Oh no,

A CHINESE LADDIE.

John, you are the one who is to go to the picnic. I made up my mind, while praying, to give up to you.'

'And I made up my mind while on my knees, to let you be the one to have the good time to-day,' replied John.

'Well, both of us can't go; so which shall it be?' observed Henry.

'You,' returned John, promptly.

'No, you,' said Henry.

'I was the one who spoke first,' said John. 'I wished you a good time, even before you were through praying, so you must go.'

'Then I suppose I must,' acquiesced Henry—and he did not seem to feel very sad about the decision either, for he was very human, like all boys.

The ride was to be up the river on which was situated the town in which the brothers lived. Henry started for the steamer at an early hour, carrying a little basket which contained his lunch—rice, fruit and a bit of soft jelly—like bird's nest.

In the meanwhile John busied himself about the house. He gave his mother her breakfast, and when baby sister awoke, he dressed her and spent an hour or so tending her so that she would not disturb the mother by her usual morning cry.

Baby, however, soon began to grow restless; so the young nurse concluded that he would get her to sleep. He took her in his arms, as he had seen Miss Dayton take one of the friendless babies, that had drifted into the mission. Then he sang to her a lullaby he had learned from his mother. This is just as he sang it:

'Oy. Oy. Oy!
Oy nue yat tiu
Fa meh taai;
Oy tsai yat tiu
He lau K'wun;
K'wun Keuk sau hoy
Loong Koong foong,
K'wun t'au chik ch'ub
Foong Chiu yeung.'

Perhaps some of you may not know what it means, any more than did the year old baby; so I will give the same song to you in English:

'Oh, dear, dear, dear! What have we here
A pick-a-pack wrapper, pink and white,
For a dear little girl so fair;
And an apron embroidered with colors bright,
For a dear little boy to wear,
Below it is bordered with dragons wild,
And pictures woven of phenixes mild;
Around the top, in bright colors spun,
Is seen a phenix greeting the sun.'

But this, although rendered in a soft tone, had no effect upon Miss Baby. She laughed and cooed and seemed determined to keep awake, and now and then she would cry as loud as an infant could, thereby annoying the sick mother.

'What shall I do to keep her quiet?' asked the boy of himself. 'Oh I know. I will sing her one of our mission songs.' So he immediately began the Chinese version of 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'

The song quieted the babe, but aroused the mother. John, child though he was, could see by her face that a fierce struggle was going on in her heart. The tears came to her eyes. Presently the trou-

bled look disappeared and the tears ceased, and the mother's whole countenance looked calm.

The mission song had put the babe in the land of dreams. The brother placed her carefully on the bed in the further corner of the room, and began to study his Sunday-school lesson for the following Sabbath.

Thus he passed the day, tending the baby, waiting upon his mother and studying the Word of God. It was a busy day, yet one somewhat lonely, and he was glad when evening came and Henry returned home from the picnic.

'Oh, tell me all about it, brother,' he began as Henry entered the house.

'It would take all night to tell all,' laughed Henry. 'Oh, what a fine time we did have. We took the organ from the mission-room on to the steamer, and we sang ever so many of our songs.'

'Was 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus' one of them?' asked John.

'Yes.'

'Then you and I were singing the same song. That is what I got baby to sleep on, when her own lullaby would not work.'

'And that is the song that my heart longs to sing,' broke in the mother. 'While I saw baby nestled in John's kind arms, I thought how nice it would be if there were someone on whose bosom my weary soul could rest. The missionaries say that Jesus is such a one. The missionaries are good people. So I do not see why we should not believe what they tell us.'

'We can. We do,' exclaimed John. 'For we have been better boys since we went to their chapel!'

'Much better,' replied the mother with a fond glance towards her two sons. 'A year ago you would have both quarrelled to see which should go on the picnic; but this morning each of you was willing that the other should go. If this is what it means to be a Christian, I want to be one.'

Then how the queer little eyes of those Chinese boys beamed with pleasure, and how eagerly they told their mother of the efficacy of the blessed Saviour in giving one a new heart. She promised to do all that might be required of her, so that she too, might, become a Christian.

The next day Henry asked Miss Dayton to call on his mother and tell her of the Saviour. The faithful missionary went at once. She pointed the poor, benighted woman to the Light of the world; and ere she left the little house, another star had been added to the Saviour's crown.

'And it all came about because we were not selfish about wanting to go on the picnic,' said John.

'And because of your song, too,' added Henry.

Be Kind.

Hearts, like doors, open with ease
To very, very tiny keys;
And don't forget that two of these
Are, 'I thank you,' and, 'If you please.'

If I have a piece of cake,
And I with children play,
I must not eat it all myself,
But give a part away.
In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks for what I eat;
I must not fret about my food,
Nor frown if I don't think it good.
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I'm asked, say, 'If you please.'

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way.

—Selected.

A Small Soldier.

'Nurse, what do you think mamma told me?' asked a little bit of a boy.

'I haven't the littlest idea,' answered nurse, as she looked up from the stocking she was mending.

'Well, she said I might stay up all night. You know, nurse, I've always wanted to.'

'That is very good of mamma,' answered nurse. 'And where are you going to spend the night?'

'Well, men who camp out, you know, have a fire. I'm going to pretend I'm camping out, and I'm going to spend the night by the parlor fire.'

'That's a good idea.'

'No, I think I'll be a sentinel, and walk up and down before the fire with my gun over my shoulder.'

'But a sentinel must not go to sleep. He must be on the watch all the time, and say——'

'I know! "Who goes there?"'

'And are you going to watch all night?'

'I think I shall,' answered Harry, proudly.

It had long been Harry's wish to sit up all night, and he could not help thinking his mamma very unkind never to let him. He teased so much that finally mamma said:

'Well, Harry, you may.'

At about nine o'clock Harry, who was usually in bed and asleep at that time, took his stand by the fire. His toy gun was over his shoulder, and on his head he wore his soldier cap.

Up and down he walked before the fire, and at first it was great fun.

Whenever he heard a sound he would call: 'Who goes there?' and it would be papa coming to look for a book, or mamma. Once, when he called very loud, 'Who goes there?' what do you think happened? The little white kitty ran into the room!

Up and down, up and down, went Harry.

Heavier and heavier grew the gun. Harder and harder was it to keep to the straight line in the carpet.

Harry looked at the easy chair and the sofa, but proudly shook his head.

'I've always wanted to sit up all night, and I'm going to show mamma how much I want to.'

Oh, what a loop from the straight line that time, Harry!

Time went on. Mamma and papa said good-night, and white kitty curled herself up on the rug and went sound to sleep.

Harry's eyes began to blink, but he held them as wide open as he could.

Soon he had a lonely feeling. A soldier should be brave, he whispered.

'But why shouldn't I sit down?'

'Because you'd go to sleep,' a small voice within answered.

So up and down trudged Harry.

Soon something rolled down the sentinel's cheek. Harry dashed it away, but then another something rolled down the other cheek.

'I'm a baby!' the little boy sobbed; but still he kept marching.

Everything in the room seemed to swing—and swing—and swing!

His feet were too tired. He tripped and fell upon the soft rug. How soft it was! He couldn't get up. He heard some one.

'Who goes there?' he asked feebly.

'The Sand Man,' a gentle voice answered, that sounded something like papa's and mamma's combined.

—'The Examiner.'

LESSON XII.—JUNE 18.

The Heavenly Home.

Rev. xii., 1-11.

Golden Text.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne. Rev. iii., 21.

Commit verses 3-5.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 12.—Rev. xxii., 1-11.
Tuesday, June 13.—Rev. xxi., 1-9.
Wednesday, June 14.—Rev. xxi., 10-21.
Thursday, June 15.—Rev. xxi., 22-27.
Friday, June 16.—Rev. xxii., 12-21.
Saturday, June 17.—Rev. vii., 9-17.
Sunday, June 18.—Rev. xiv., 1-7, 12, 13.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

As the Bible stands apart from other books, Revelation stands apart from the rest of the Bible. It is singular, difficult, mysterious. It has been called the cross of crosses of commentators. One instantly loses himself in the labyrinth of variant interpretations. It seems best not to attempt to make direct verbal application of the contents to events past, current, or future. On the whole, from the mistakes of the past, it is eminently the wise course to declare the book a prophetico-poetic chain of allegories—an album of vivid pictures—the whole intent of which is to create, feed and shelter hope of the ultimate and practically universal dominance of the good, in spite of transitory reverses and lapses.

Under the material emblem of a city, adorned and beautified, the spiritual betterment of humanity seems to be shadowed. The plan and fashion of the city is from heaven. The ideals of right human living are Divine. As these ideals are realized, and in the proportion that they are realized, God lives with and in men. In the ratio of righteousness (right living) tears are dried. Wrong living (sin) is the sole cause of tears, painful death, sorrow and crying.

In this apocalyptic city John sees no temple. A temple is a reminder of an absent Deity. God's presence makes a material structure in his honor unnecessary. Yet this presence need not be external and additional to the moral and spiritual qualities evolved in the souls of men. To use Tolstoi's phrase, 'Where love is, there God is.'

In this renewed earth, sun and moon will not be quenched; but the unearthly radiance of right living will outshine them. Whole nations, with their rulers, will keep walking in this light, which never shone on land or sea. This good life is not difficult of access. It requires no toilsome pilgrimage. It is at hand. It is like a four-square city, with ever-open gates on every side. He who makes right living hard and laborious is aside from the description of the revelator.

Some one suggests that the change of figure is significant. It is no longer a mere paradise or garden. Now it is a city of God on earth, statelier and more glorious, but at the same time a result of human co-operation with the Divine. Man building after God's plans and specifications.

This is the holy dream of the thousand happy years, the millennial reign, which has been the solace and inspiration of the saints in all ages—an indefinitely long period, in which there shall be substantially universal righteousness (right living) and its concomitants, universal peace and universal joy.

Here, however, is no statical condition, no fixity. Here is rest; but it is the rest attendant upon a steady, unwearied advancement. There is an infinite progression. First in apprehension of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God. Then in goodness, until the fruits of the Spirit appear and come to perfection. Finally in serviceableness, until the Master's rule of life becomes the disciple's—'Not to be ministered unto but to minister and give.'

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

Out on the statical heaven! Eternally resting on the banks of the river! It would be purgatory to the sentient, aspiring, capable soul. We shall think and do and be, but without the handicaps of the present.

Current views of the life of heaven are far too rigid. Congregations never breaking up and Sabbaths never ending. It seems best to think of the heavenly life as like one lived in this world, when it shall have been renovated by the advent of the millennial kingdom. We shall just be and do and live and love in an absolutely natural and human way.

The millennial kingdom comes not as a cataclysm. It is rather like yeast in dough; steadily, imperceptibly spreading out and up, till the whole mass is lifted.

In the ultimate analysis, the New Jerusalem is, after all, not a city at all; but a people, renewed and adorned with gifts, grace and usefulness. The jeweled walls, golden streets, river, tree, and all, are material emblems of the moral and spiritual qualities of a redeemed humanity.

Mathematical computations of the time of the advent of the millennial kingdom are the 'great lost labor, that chronic malady of apocalyptic exegesis.'

Lange says the apocalypse will not be fully comprehended until we see it in the light of the millennium. Herder calls it an abstract of almost all prophets and apostles. To handle it as if it were a book of literal meanings is manifestly an unreasonable procedure. Goethe says: 'I am a man of the earth, earthly. To me the parables of the unjust steward, the prodigal son, the sower, the pearl, the lost piece of money, are more Divine than the seven messengers, candlesticks, seals, stars, and woes.'—Letters to Lavater.

Here is an example of the arbitrary manner in which the text is often divided into chapters. Rev. xxi., 1; Rev. xii., 5 (inclusive) is one connected passage, descriptive of the new heaven and new earth.

Accessibility is a characteristic of the New Jerusalem. Many gates, many trees, river flowing through the midst. City easy to enter, and contents always near at hand.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

And he showed me: Not descriptive of a literal city, but of an ideal state. Figures not dimensions, but ideas.—Peloubet. River of water: If a city stood on pyramidal mountain streams could run down each of the four faces.—Camb. Bib. (Ezek. xlvii.) Clear: Bright as crystal.—Ibid. This picture may be of a river flanked on each side with green banks set with rows of shade and ornamental trees, and this in turn flanked on both sides with boulevards after the manner of Oriental landscape gardening. The tree of life: Eden had one tree which made men immortal. Paradise has a whole grove of them. Twelve manner of fruits. Twelve fruitages.—Pulpit Com. Twelve fruit harvests.—Stewart. Leaves for healing: Not implied that there is any disease which needs healing, but the tree of life is put forward as the means by which the perpetual health and life and general well-being of the inhabitants is sustained.—Pulpit Com. No more curse: Nothing accursed exists in that city.—Pulpit Com. No more things worthy of execration. Servants shall serve him: Servants 'douloi' (bond-servants) shall render him 'lateia' (the service of ministry). Reward of service is the call to more honorable and understanding service. Shall see his face: Beatific vision. Blessedness of heaven.—Cam. Bib. No night there: Night figurative of ignorance and helplessness. These sayings: Brief summary of the events makes concluding portion of book.—Camb. Bib. Seal not: Communicate at once to the world.—Ibid.

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Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 18.—Topic—Minor moralities. Heb. xiii., 1-21.

C. E. Topic.

HINDERERS OR HELPERS.

Monday, June 12.—The request. Num. xxxii. 1-5.

Tuesday, June 13.—The answer. Num. xxxii., 6,7.

Wednesday, June 14.—Discouragers. Deut. i., 28.

Thursday, June 15.—'Lest we should hinder.' I. Cor. ix., 12.

Friday, June 16.—Hindering others. Luke xi., 52.

Saturday, June 17.—Helping others. Isa. xli., 6.

Sunday, June 18.—Topic—Hinderers or helpers. Num. xxxii., 6-18.

How?

(The Rev. J. S. Breckinridge, in the 'Christian Herald.')

Present communion with God will better fit us to win sinners than ten years' schooling can. Not that an education is to be despised. It is to be coveted, and, if possible, obtained; but to secure that, and not imitate Andrew, is like going into a meadow with a scythe which, while well-made, is edgeless. If a man wishes to shave, he gets on much better with a homely razod which keenly cuts, better with a homely razor which keenly cuts, A positive, present knowledge of Christ, such as Andrew had when he talked with Simon, will give efficacy to our words as it did to his. Without this our utterances are likely to be as obscure as was the definition given by a doctor of divinity to his Sunday-school of the word 'summary,' which he tried to simplify and explain by stating that 'it means, my dear children, "an abbreviated "synopsis" of a thing.' Out of a fresh interview with the Master will come to us clear views of his gospel, and out of these clear views will come clear utterances.

Dismissing.

The dismission of a Sunday-school may be orderly, or it may be a signal for a riotous rush and rowdyism. A Philadelphia superintendent, writing to the 'Sunday-school Superintendent,' tells of a method which he has found to work well: 'For a number of years I have been in the habit of dismissing in the following manner: The superintendent's assistant, or some other officer, stands at the desk and calls the class by name; the teacher and scholars rise and repeat a text, previously selected and studied (from the commencement of the year); then they immediately march out, the teacher at the head, if he desires to do so, returns after taking the scholars to the door of exit. The superintendent stands at the door, and takes each scholar and teacher by the hand, with a kind word of parting. Order is preserved in the school during the recitation by each class, and it is a matter of considerable interest to notice how the different classes recite their texts. After many years of experience, I have found this the most satisfactory way of dismissing a school."—'Westminster Teacher.'

The Rest of Heaven.

In contrast with the earth's weariness Heaven smiles upon us, a place of rest. 'They rest from their labors,' is the first element of that celestial blessedness. Toil of body, mind and heart, toil against sin and self and Satan—these are changed to spontaneous, unwearied invigorating exercise of soul and spirit.

The lower services in which we may then engage are infinitely easier than the easiest we here perform. No play on earth is so delightful as the meanest work of Heaven.—Bishop Gilbert Haven.

Correspondence

TO OUR READERS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—We have received some very nice notes with the money sent in for the cot. A 'Busy Workers' Mission Band' in Cape Breton collected a nice little sum, and from Manitoba came seventy-five cents from Katie and Martha Kottman and Nellie Watson. It is a very good plan to band together and see how many cents are soon collected when each gives a little. In Quebec a little girls of eight years has sent four two-cent stamps, which we were very pleased to receive. She also says she may be able to send more another time. We would like to get more letters like this from those who have not quarters and half-dollars to send, but who would like to have a 'part' in the cot.

How do you like our pictures to-day? One boy has sent us a picture of a Japanese warship in which most of you will be interested. Many of you have never seen a seal or kangaroo, but often see them pictures and read about them. If any of our readers have seen seals or kangaroo, they might write and tell us what they know about them. The scarecrow is a striking picture. The make-believe man stands there so serene amidst the fury of the little dogs. COR. ED.

N.B.—If you send under fifty cents for the cot in Dr. Grenfell's hospital, send it in two-cent stamps; if more than fifty cents, send a post-office or money order.—Cor. Ed.

TO YOUNG ARTISTS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—We hope you will try and write very interesting letters to accompany your pictures. If possible, draw your picture to illustrate something in your letter. We have on hand a great many pictures without letters or with only a word or two from the boy or girl, giving their name and address, and perhaps assuring us that they go to school every day!

Some of you maybe can write us a letter about what you did on Victoria Day, and draw pictures of some of the boys playing or the girls boiling water for tea in the woods, or whatever your letter deals with. You will notice that we have changed our plan a little in regard to printing the names of our correspondents. For the present we will print your own name in full, giving the initial only of the town where you live, and adding the province. This, we have good reason to believe, will please a large number of our readers.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

RECEIVED FOR LABRADOR COT SINCE LAST ISSUE.

Raymond Gordon, Dewittville, 25c; Colin McArthur, Dewittville, 25c; A Friend, Dewittville, 25c; Agnes Gilbert, Dewittville, 25c; Jean Watt, Dewittville, 25c; Willie Watt, Dewittville, 25c; A Friend, Dewittville, 25c; Douglas Moore, Dewittville, 25c; Flora V. Atkinson, Richbucto, $2; W. E. Fullerton, 60c; Jno. A. Wall, Riversdale, 35c; Christina J. Wall, Riversdale, 35c; Henrietta R. Wall, Riversdale, 35c; Ernie Beswitherick, Arizona, 30c; Donald Imlay, Laurence, 10c; Hattie James, 25c; Edith and Howard Ross, Williamstown, 50c; Harvey Elliott, Norwood, 25c; Bertha Elliott, Norwood, 25c; Mrs. A. H. Sutherland, 50c; J. C., Galt, 50c; Rosa Cline, Nehawka, 20c; Roy Cline, Nehawka, 20c; Ruth Cline, Nehawka, 20c; One who loves the Little Ones, Caledonia, 50c; J. A. Bell, Keady, 30c; John and Annie Ramage, Petite Cote, 50c; Edith and Cecil Steeves, 50c; Josie and Nessie P., age 5 and 6, 25c; H. B. M., Middleton, 50c; Sadie E. Laurin, Dalkeith, 50c; Archie C. MacMillan, 25c; total this week, $12.20.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Woodthrush.' Irene M. Campbell, P. Que.
2. 'On the Wing.' May I. Rombough (12), N. L., Ont.
3. 'Kangaroo.' Hazel C. Moke (12), N. L., Ont.
4. 'Castle.' Fern Campbell, P. Que.
5. 'Marsh Marigold.' May E. Moke (12), N. L., Ont.
6. 'Japanese Warship.' Joey S. C., St. D., Ont.
7. 'Buttercup.' Ethel Prasky (12), F., Ont.
8. 'Swan and Ducks.' Jane Hunter (12).
9. 'Seal.' Leslie M. (14), New Richmond, Q.
10. 'Ibex.' Clausen A. Thompson (10), M., Man.
11. 'Got her now.' Alba Eaton, (10), L. C.
12. 'Condor.' Lulu G. Rubert, N.L., Ont.
13. 'Scarecrow.' Harold M. (10), New Richmond, Que.
14. 'The Watchful Mother.' John Prasky, F., Ont.

Fergus, Ont.

Dear Editor,—In reading the correspondence in the 'Messenger,' I noticed Bertice W. P.'s request for information on growing peanuts. I will tell her how I grow them. When ordering our garden seeds from J. A. Simmers, we include peanuts. I got two packages this year. They are a little smaller than the ordinary peanuts one buys, but they taste just as good, and it is very interesting to grow them in the garden. Our soil is sandy loam, in which they do well. I shell them and just put them in the same way I do beans, and give them the same attention—that is, keep the soil stirred and free from weeds. The peanuts grow like potatoes, under the ground. I was rather amused at this at first, as I expected to see them grow on vines like tomatoes. The foliage is pretty, with its little flowers like tiny yellow sweet-peas. I am afraid by the time this appears in print it will be rather late for Bertice to try them this year, as they seem to need a long season to mature. Mine are already peeping through the ground. I hope Jack Frost won't nip them. In the fall I harvest them just the same as potatoes, and roast them in a slow oven. They are then ready to eat, and where is there a boy or girl who doesn't like peanuts?

ROY MacH.

(Not long ago one of our correspondents wrote questioning a previous account of peanuts growing like potatoes. She said she had seen them growing more like sweet peas, but ripening the pods in the earth. Will Roy notice if this is so, and write again?—Cor. Ed.)

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—As I have not written a letter before, I would like to see it in print. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' since Christmas. I took the 'American Boy.' Now I take the 'Youth's Companion.' I like the 'Messenger' better for the size. Melita is situated on the Souris River on a knoll. First it was a mile west of here, but as the railway ran quite a long way off, they moved it to the present place. I have for pets a collie dog and a light bay pony. I am making a waggon that I can propel with a lever. I have a bat, a lacrosse stick, a pair of nobbies and a nobbie stick. Nobbies are slices of wringer tied together, about six inches apart, with laces. A nobbie stick is a stick with a slight curve at the end. I like playing it very much. I will enclose a picture.

CLAUSEN A. THOMPSON.

Temperance

The Price of Blood.

(The Rev. E. E. Bradford, B.D.Oxon, in the 'British Workman.')

A fair-haired British sailor lad was lounging on the pier
Hard by the domes and minarets of snowy-walled Tangier.
A swarthy Moor lay by his side, and cards were in their hands;
They played, and watched the breakers glide along the silver sands.

The Moor was losing: as he lost his air became more grim.
A curly-headed negro child stood gravely watching him.
'Hurrah!' the jolly sailor cried. 'See, I have won again!'
The Moor he neither spoke nor sighed. He knew that speech was vain.

But all at once a cry was heard. A low and plaintive wail
Burst from the little negro lad. The silent Moor grew pale.
The sailor caught the boy and smiled, and rocked him on his knee,
But ever louder wailed the child, and struggled to be free.

'He is my slave,' the Moor explained. 'I loved him as a son;
But I must sell him now to raise the money you have won.
And when he heard your cry of joy at having gained the gold,
As I have nothing but the boy, he knew he must be sold.'

'Your slave!' the sailor cried in wrath. 'And do you dare to say
That you would barter flesh and blood your gambler's debts to pay?
You have no right. God made men free by His eternal plan.
Accurs'd shall he for ever be who sells his fellow man!'

'Take back, take back your gold again! Oh, had I understood,
I never, never would have played to win the price of blood?'
The Moor look'd up with calm surprise, as if he scarce had heard,
The Moor look'd up with wond'ring eyes, and gravely stroked his beard.

'You know not what you say, my son!' he cried with grave disdain.
'How can we gamblers ever tell the price of what we gain?
We rise but by our brother's fall; his evil is our good.
In sooth our winnings, one and all, are but the price of blood!'

The Serpent of Drink.

Whenever the serpent of strong drink coils itself around a man, he is sure to go, if he does not stop short, face about and let it alone.

About seventeen years ago I had the pleasure of hearing George W. Bain, of Kentucky, lecture, and it changed the course of my life. I saw if I ever had a home I must cut out the drink. So I did, to save a little money. I thank my lucky star for a warning in time. So I warn you, my brother; stop before it is too late. I read an account of a young man some years ago, who went from England to the jungles of Africa with an exploring party, and while there caught a young boa constrictor, and for amusement he used to spend his spare time teaching his snake to do many wonderful tricks. One was to coil itself about his feet and around his body, and as it grew to full size it reached above his head and would lean over and kiss his face, and at a signal would drop to the ground. So, when he returned, he used to give exhibitions and became very popular and made money and with that formed the habit of drinking. One night he was to give an exhibition into Manchester. The scene was set in an African jungle. A traveller came in view from one side of the stage and stopped and listened and stood spellbound. Then a rustle was heard as of the stealthy moving of some heavy object. Presently there appeared the head of a great snake with eyes like balls of fire, and it crept softly to the man and wound itself about him, up and over, and brought its head in line with its face. The man gave the signal, but the serpent had him entirely in its power, and with one tightening of its body, crushed the life out of its victim.

This illustrates the drink habit as well as anything I ever heard of. So I would say to you that have never started, don't begin; and to those that have begun, stop before it is too late.—Frank C. Cooper, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

Moral Courage.

Christiana Dickson, the wife of one of the first settlers of Erie County, Pennsylvania, was a small, blue-eyed, low-voiced woman, extremely timid, but she had a horror of drunkenness.

She lived in days when the use of liquor was universal. But when her sons were born, she resolved to put a stop to whiskey drinking in her home. Her husband being absent, her brothers called for the help of the neighbors according to custom, to put up a barn needed on her farm. They all assembled and went to work, while she prepared a great dinner. After an hour or two, whiskey was asked for. She refused to provide it.

Her brothers, and, at last, an elder in the church, came to reason with her, to tell her that she would be accused of meanness. Without a word the little woman went to the barn and, baring her head, stepped upon a log and spoke to them:

'My neighbors,' said she, 'this is a strange thing. Three of you are my brothers, three of you are elders in the church—all of you are my friends. I have prepared for you the best dinner in my power. If you refuse to raise the barn without liquor, so be it. But I would rather these timbers rot where they lie than to give you whiskey.'

The men angrily went home; the little woman returned to the house, and for hours she cried as though her heart would break. But the next day every man came back, went heartily to work, enjoyed her good dinner, and said not a word about whiskey.

This led to the discontinuance of the use of whiskey at barn-raisings in the country. Her sons grew up strong, vigorous men, and did good work in helping to civilize and Christianize the world; their descendants are all of a high type of intellectual and moral men and women. If she had yielded this little point, they might have become like many of their neighbors—drunkards.

Our forefathers redeemed the land and drove out the wild beasts and serpents; but there are vices still to be conquered, for which we need high souls and gentle spirits, like Christiana Dickson.—'California Voice.'

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HOUSEHOLD.

Five Precious Weeks.

(Matilda B. Beebe, in 'Christian Standard.')

We were sitting on the front porch, Clara, Bertha, Louise and I —all young teachers, all equally ambitious, and all equally dissatisfied. The sun had set, but the sky hung like brass over our heads, and though one might expect relief from the excessive heat at this time of the day, we experienced but little, for ours was an inland town, and we did not enjoy the breezes which the cities on the lakes afford.

'Oh, dear,' said Clara, 'all but five weeks of our vacation gone, and we have done nothing but swelter in this terrible weather. I shall be more tired when school begins than I was at the beginning of summer.'

'If we were only independent, like Miss Carlisle or Miss Jenkins,' said Bertha, 'we might now be enjoying a season in the mountains, or at the seashore, gaining strength for next year.'

'Well,' said Louise, rather petulantly, 'I hope we will see the time when we will not be supporters of families, and can think a little of ourselves.'

At this moment I saw a shadow passing the window which opened upon the porch. I knew it was mother, for she had a way of sitting near us when we had our little gatherings, and I knew she must have heard Louise's remark, and I did not like to hurt her feelings.

Mother and I lived alone since father died. I taught, and mother kept house. We were paying for our little home out of my salary, so there was no thought of my going away in summer. Of course, I would like to be independent, like Miss Carlisle or Miss Jenkins, but I did not like to say so to mother, though I dare say my manner frequently showed her how I felt.

But my thoughts were soon in another channel, for just then a tall, weary-looking girl passed, nodding brightly to us all.

'Do you know,' said Bertha, 'I almost envy Dora Snell sometimes?'

'Envy her?' we shrieked in chorus.

'Yes,' continued Bertha, 'for she seems to get so much more out of life than we do. She gets up Mondays at four o'clock to do the family washing, as it is so nice and cool then, she says, and actually you'd think it was a picnic to hear her tell about the glorious sunshine and the beauty of everything that she sees then.'

'Oh, pshaw!' said Clara, 'she makes herself believe everything is beautiful, to make the work seem easier.'

'Then,' continued Bertha, 'she knows more about interesting nooks and corners around this old town than the oldest inhabitant, I verily believe. She says she finds them when she takes the children out. And here we have nothing to remember about the Summer except the heat.'

I sat and thought, that night, long after the girls were gone. It was too warm to sleep. 'Get up at four o'clock and do the washing?' Mother did our washing. She had done it all through the sultry weather. She had also done almost all the housework: and I—did I not need the rest, after a year's teaching? But did mother not also need a rest? And there was this girl, a teacher like the rest of us, getting up at four to do the washing for a big family, and taking care of a 'rabble' of young sisters and brothers besides! I tried to sleep. The harder I tried, the more plainly this thought stood before me: 'Josephine Carliss, you are a selfish thing! You must redeem yourself. Five weeks more in which to do so.' I made up my mind I would, and, with this purpose in view, I slept at last, but not long.

It was just four when I awoke. It was mother's wash-day. Should I try it? Quickly I dressed, and, after my morning prayer, more earnest than it had been for many days, I crept downstairs. I ate only a light breakfast of bread and milk, and then hastened into the 'summer' kitchen, where mother had everything ready. How cool it was! How beautiful the sun looked! How peaceful everything seemed! And I never noticed before what beautiful trees we had in our little garden; two peach-trees and a big apple-tree. It had been too warm to sit in the garden this summer. Now it looked inviting. Some birds were twittering in the branches overhead. It was all so

pleasant, I almost forgot what I was up for. But to work now.

I was well along with the washing when mother came quietly downstairs. 'Why, Josephine!' she said. 'Why, my dear girl!' I thought she was going to cry, and I came very near it, so I said laughingly, 'I couldn't sleep for the heat, mother, and as I was up anyhow, I thought I might as well be doing something.'

Well, we finished the washing together. We were all through before seven. Then we had a lunch. Strange to say, mother and I sat at this lunch longer, and talked more, than we had for weeks before.

When we were well rested, we tidied up the house, and then we both lay down for an hour's nap before dinner. 'Let us get a cool dinner to-day, mother,' said I, after we had shut out the heat by closing all the blinds and letting down the curtains. So we prepared lemonade instead of tea, fruit instead of pudding, cold tongue instead of hot meat, with nice warmed potatoes for our one warm dish; and mother did not look nearly as heated as she generally did at this time of day. We had a pleasant afternoon together after we had 'cleaned ourselves up;' mother read while I sewed, and then I took my turn reading while she sewed. We read Hamilton Mabie's sweet book, 'Under the Trees and Elsewhere,' so appropriate to a day like this. In the evening we took a car ride into one of the suburbs. Somehow we did not feel the heat that day.

This was not the last of our happy days. Every day mother and I invented some new way of forgetting the heat, and when the bright, cool days came, as they come in the most sultry of summers, we took long walks, or sat under our trees with our work and our books.

In the last week of vacation I gave a 'sunrise breakfast' to my girl friends. The idea was mother's. The girls came before five and stayed till eight. We had our table spread under the apple-tree in the back yard, and you never saw a more inviting table. It was trimmed with morning-glories. It was loaded with good things—golden melons, light biscuits and honey, peaches and cream, sponge cake, and I almost forgot mother's 'croquettes.' The girls pronounced our party the sweetest thing of the summer, and so original.

'I almost begin to understand how Dora Snell can enjoy her four o'clock washing,' said Louise laughing. 'But I rather think there is a difference between a washday party and a nice breakfast party like this,' she added.

'Oh,' I remarked, 'mother and I have had four o'clock "washday" parties every Monday for five weeks.'

'You naughty girl,' cried the others, 'and never told us!'

'Well,' I answered, 'you see I was afraid it couldn't last.'

After the girls were gone, mother said in a wistful way, 'Our five precious weeks are almost over, daughter, but I shall never forget them. I shall miss you very much when the school begins.'

'Never mind, mother,' answered I, gaily, for I felt a lump rising in my throat, 'there will be the Saturdays and Sundays, and since we have become acquainted, we can not afford to give up our excursions and our sewing-bees, can we?' And mother was not afraid to kiss me.

Selected Recipes.

Preserved Rhubarb.—Cut rhubarb into inch lengths, wash and allow a pound of sugar to every pound of rhubarb. Put the rhubarb and sugar in alternate layers in the preserving kettle and add a very little water, setting aside over night. In the morning drain off the liquid and boil to a syrup, add the rhubarb and simmer until tender. Remove the rhubarb, pack into jars and boil the syrup until thick, adding at the last the juice of three lemons to every seven pounds of sugar that has been used. Fill the jars to overflowing with the liquid, then seal.

Rice with Tomatoes.—Place a cupful of rice well washed in a double boiler, with two cupfuls of boiling water, adding a level teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. When the rice is done pour in a scant pint of hot, cooked and strained tomatoes, that have been well seasoned with salt, pepper, butter and a little sugar. Stir the rice and tomatoes well together, arrange as a garnish around roast beef or pork.

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To Make Old Trunks New.

The month of merry June brings to mind the interesting fact that holiday time is at hand, and we and our trunks will soon be travellers. If you have a very plain trunk, without many compartments, things are apt to get topsy-turvy in a short time, but one does not want to buy a new trunk just for a few more drawers when the old one is still good. The following is a very modern device for an old-style trunk: Cut large sheets of heavy pasteboard slightly smaller than the bottom of your trunk, cover them with a cheap print, and attach long loops to each end. When you pack a layer of clothes lay upon it one of the trays; then another layer and another tray, until the trunk is full. By lifting out a trayfull at a time you can get the article needed without churning up the contents of the trunk.

Keeping Eggs.

In a test made with various preservatives, the eggs coated with vaseline and kept in lime water at the end of six months were found to be in excellent condition, while those treated in other ways were all more or less spoiled. Those kept in brine were all unfit for use; those packed in wood ashes were good except 20 percent, which were spoiled. Others packed in bran and salt had between 60 and 70 percent spoiled, and those immersed in boiling water for a short time and wrapped in paper had 50 percent loss. The vaseline and lime water were the best methods of the dozen or more tried. The eggs were packed in July and not touched until February.—The Michigan 'Advocate.'

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